

Be thou asham'd that I haue tooke vpon me,  
Such an immodest rayment; if shame liue  
In a disguise of loue?

It is the lesser blot modestly findes,  
Women to change their shapes, then men their minds.  
*Pro.* Then men their minds? is true: oh heuen, were man  
But Constant, he were perfect; that one error  
Fils him with faults: makes him run through all th' sins;  
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins:  
What is in *Silvia's* face, but I may spie  
More fresh in *Iulia's*, with a constant eye?

*Val.* Come, come: a hand from either:  
Let me be blest to make this happy close:  
'T were pittie two such friends should be long foes.

*Pro.* Beare witnes (heauen) I haue my wish for euer.  
*Jul.* And I mine.

*Out-l.* A prize: a prize: a prize.  
*Val.* Forbeare, forbeare I say: It is my Lord the Duke.  
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,  
Banished *Valentine*.

*Duke.* Sir *Valentine*?  
*Thu.* Yonder is *Silvia*: and *Silvia's* mine.

*Val.* *Thurio* giue backe; or else embrace thy death:  
Come not within the measure of my wrath:  
Doe not name *Silvia* thine: if once againe,  
*Verona* shall not hold thee: heere she stands,  
Take but possession of her, with a Touch:  
I dare thee, but to breath vpon my Loue.

*Thur.* Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I:  
I hold him but a foole that will endanger  
His Body, for a Gille that loues him not:  
I claime her not, and therefore she is thine.

*Duke.* The more degenerate and base art thou  
To make such meanes for her, as thou hast done,  
And leaue her on such flight conditions.

Now, by the honor of my Ancestry,  
I doe applaud thy spirit, *Valentine*,  
And thinke thee worthy of an Empresse loue:  
Know then, I heere forget all former greefes,  
Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,  
Plead a new state in thy vn-riual'd merit,  
To which I thus subscribe: Sir *Valentine*,  
Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriu'd,  
Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou hast deseru'd her.  
*Val.* I thank your Grace, y gift hath made me happy.  
I now beseech you (for your daughters sake)  
To grant one Boone that I shall aske of you.

*Duke.* I grant it (for thine owne) what ere it be.  
*Val.* These banish'd men, that I haue kept withall,  
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:  
Forgiue them what they haue committed here,  
And let them be recall'd from their Exile:

They are reformed, ciuill, full of good,  
And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.)  
*Duke.* Thou hast preuaild, I pardon them and thee:  
Dispose of them, as thou knowst their deserts.

Come, let vs goe, we will include all iarres,  
With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare solemnity.

*Val.* And as we walke along, I dare be bold  
With our discourse, to make your Grace to smile.  
What thinke you of this Page (my Lord?)

*Duke.* I thinke the Boy hath grace in him, he blushes.  
*Val.* I warrant you (my Lord) more grace, then Boy.  
*Duke.* What meane you by that saying?

*Val.* Please you, Ile tell you, as we passe along,  
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd:  
Come *Protheus*, 'tis your pennance, but to heare  
The story of your Loues discovered.

That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,  
One Feast, one house, one mutuall happinesse. *Exeunt.*

*Eglamoure*: Agent for *Silvia* in her escape.  
*Host*: where *Iulia* lodges.  
*Out-lawes* with *Valentine*.

*Speed*: a clownish servant to *Valentine*.  
*Launce*: the like to *Protheus*.  
*Panthion*: servant to *Antonio*.

*Iulia*: beloved of *Protheus*.  
*Silvia*: beloved of *Valentine*.  
*Lucecca*: waibling woman to *Iulia*.

## The names of all the Actors.

*Duke*: Father to *Silvia*.

*Valentine*: } the two Gentlemen.  
*Protheus*: }

*Antonio*: father to *Protheus*.

*Thurio*: a foolish riuall to *Valentine*.

FINIS.

THE

# THE Merry Wines of Windsor.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

*Enter* *Iustice Shallow*, *Slender*, *Sir Hugh Euans*, *Master Page*, *Falstaffe*, *Bardolph*, *Nym*, *Pistol*, *Anne Page*,  
*Mistresse Ford*, *Mistresse Page*, *Simple*.

*Shallow.*  
*Sir Hugh*, perswade me not: I will make a Star-  
Chamber matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir  
*John Falstoffs*, he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow*  
Esquire. (Coram.)

*Slender.* In the County of *Glocester*, Iustice of Peace and  
*Shal.* I (Cosen *Slender*) and *Cust-alorum*.

*Slender.* I, and *Rato lorum* too; and a Gentleman borne  
(Master Parson) who writes himselfe *Armigero*, in any  
Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero*.

*Shal.* I that I doe, and haue done any time these three  
hundred yeeres.

*Slender.* All his successors (gone before him) hath don't:  
and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may; they  
may giue the dozen white Luces in their Coate.

*Shal.* It is an olde Coate.  
*Euans.* The dozen white Lowfes doe become an old  
Coat well: it agrees well passant: It is a familiar beast to  
man, and signifies Loue.

*Shal.* The Lufe is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish, is an old  
Coate.

*Slender.* I may quarter (Coz).  
*Shal.* You may, by marrying.

*Euans.* It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.  
*Shal.* Nor a whit.

*Euans.* Yes per-lady: if he ha's a quarter of your coat,  
there is but three Skirts for your selfe, in my simple con-  
iectures; but that is all one: if Sir *John Falstaffe* haue  
committed disparagements vnto you, I am of the Church  
and will be glad to do my beneuolence, to make attonce-  
ments and compromises betweene you.

*Shal.* The Councell shall heare it, it is a Riot.  
*Euans.* It is not meet the Councell heare a Riot: there  
is no feare of Got in a Riot: The Councell (looke you)  
shall desire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a  
Riot: take your viza-ments in that.

*Shal.* Ha; o my life, if I were yong againe, the sword  
should end it.

*Euans.* It is petter that friends is the sword, and end  
it: and there is also another deuice in my praine, which  
peradventure prings goot discretions with it. There is  
*Anne Page*; which is daughter to *Master Thomas Page*,  
which is pretty virginity.

*Slender.* *Mistresse Anne Page*? she has browne haire, and  
speakes small like a woman.

*Euans.* It is that ferry person for all the orld, as iust as  
you will desire, and seuen hundred pounds of Moneyes,  
and Gold, and Silver, is her Grand-fire vpon his deaths-  
bed, (Got deliuer to a ioyfull resurrection) giue, when  
she is able to ouertake seuentene yeeres old. It were a  
goot motion, if we leaue our pribbles and prabbles, and  
desire a marriage betweene *Master Abraham*, and *Mistris*  
*Anne Page*.

*Slender.* Did her Grand-fire leaue her seauen hundred  
pound?

*Euans.* I, and her father is make her a petter penny.  
*Slender.* I know the young Gentlewoman, she has good  
gits.

*Euans.* Seuen hundred pounds, and possibilities, is  
goot gits.

*Shal.* Wel, let vs see honest *Mr Page*: is *Falstaffe* there?  
*Euans.* Shall I tell you a lye? I doe despise a lye, as I  
doe despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not  
true: the Knight *Sir John* is there, and I beseech you be  
ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the doore for *Mr*.  
*Page*. What hoa? Got-pleffe your house heere.

*Mr. Page.* Who's there?  
*Euans.* Here is got's plessing and your friend, and Iu-  
stice *Shallow*, and heere yong *Master Slender*: that perad-  
uentures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to  
your likings.

*Mr. Page.* I am glad to see your Worships well: I  
thanke you for my Venison *Master Shallow*.

*Shal.* *Master Page*, I am glad to see you: much good  
doe it your good heart: I wish'd your Venison better, it  
was ill killd: how doth good *Mistresse Page*? and I thank  
you alwaies with my heart, la: with my heart.

*Mr. Page.* Sir, I thanke you.  
*Shal.* Sir, I thanke you: by yea, and no I doe.

*M. Pa.* I am glad to see you, good *Master Slender*.  
*Slender.* How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir, I heard  
say he was out-run on *Cotfall*.

*M. Pa.* It could not be iudg'd, Sir.  
*Slender.* You'll not confesse: you'll not confesse.

*Shal.* That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:  
'tis a good dogge.

*M. Pa.* A Cur, Sir.  
*Shal.* Sir: hee's a good dog, and a faire dog, can there  
be more said? he is good, and faire. Is Sir *John Falstaffe*  
heere?

*M. Pa.* Sir, hee is within: and I would I could doe a  
good office be tweene you.

*Euans.* It is spoke as a Christians ought to speake.  
*Shal.* He hath wrong'd me (*Master Page*).

*M. Pa.* Sir, he doth in some fort confesse it.